

The World.

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1,000 PER CENT. PROFIT.



AFTER several hours of backing and filling, denying and forgetting, the facts about the Catskill land option ring came out before the legislative investigating committee yesterday. With this testimony on its public records how can the Legislature hesitate to repeal the Catskill Water Law, to abolish the Board of Water Supply and to wipe out the \$50 a day condemnation commissioners, the counsel, special counsel, experts, appraisers, examiners, searchers, photographers and political parasites.

As The Evening World said last spring, Jacob Mayer is the ostensible head of the land option ring. He is a rich, shrewd real estate operator, living in New York City, and familiar with condemnation proceedings and the process by which land is bought cheap and sold to the city dear.

Jacob Mayer and his associates told the truth yesterday as far as they went. Back in the fall of 1905 Mr. Mayer, as he testified, "had been told by some friends" that there was a good opportunity for investment in the Catskills. This was almost two years before the Water Supply Board adopted its June 25, 1907, map, and fully two years before the city took title to the property.



Mr. Mayer is a rich man and had several hundred thousand dollars available. He arranged with a number of young lawyers and real estate agents to buy Catskill farms cheap. They bought 3,500 or 4,000 acres, six square miles, a territory as large as Manhattan Island south of Forty-second street. Where they had to they paid cash. Where they could, they left a purchase money mortgage or they bought on option. Anyhow they got hold of the land.

Now they have put in claims for ten times as much as they had paid. These claims are being adjudicated by the \$50 a day commissioners. So sure are they of getting the money that they have been able to borrow with the claims as collateral from the Home Trust Company.

When Mr. Mayer was asked whether he invested his money without having had assurances that the city would take over the property he replied: "You don't think I am fit for a lunatic asylum, do you?" No one thinks so.

When asked who the friends were who had told him the city would acquire property he said, "Some politicians and some lawyers."

Who were these politicians or public officials? One of them seemingly is a Brooklyn man, for the Home Trust Company is susceptible to such Brooklyn influences. One of them must be a high New York official, because no Brooklyn politician is powerful enough to control the Water Supply Board.

How do the four million people of New York, who earn an average of less than \$5 a day, enjoy political favorites drawing \$50 a day, the land option ring with its 1,000 per cent. profit, and the high officials who are making the city pay for it?



Letters From the People

Apply to the Board of Education, To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I apply for full information regarding New York's schoolship experience, and will readers tell what they think of such training for young men?

Rutherford, N. J.

As to Germs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In response to the letter inquiring about germs I wish to say that the microbe and chemical origin of disease have been alternately predominant ever since the dawn of medical science. Some microbes are benevolent and some are not.

L. M. YOUNG, M. D.

Central Park.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the size of Central Park?

It is.

Central Park extends from Fifty-ninth street to One Hundred and Tenth and from Fifth to Eighth avenue. It is over two and one-half miles long and more than half a mile wide, covering 342 acres.

The Pen Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The pen problem. (A man bought 100 pens for \$100, some at \$1 each, others at \$5 and 50 cents each, respectively, how many of each did he buy?) Is in the class of indeterminate equations. If we let X = number of \$1 pens, Y = number of \$5 pens, Z = number of 50 cent pens, and P = the indeterminate

quantity, solving for X, Y and Z, the resulting equations are X = 1, Y = 1, Z = 19 P and Z = 50 - 10 P. By inspection P must equal zero, or X, Y and Z could not be positive integers (which they must be in this case), and the only answers are "1, 9 and 20."

M.

Lawrence Barrett.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was there ever a great American actor by the name of "Barrett"? Is he still living?

MILLIE D.

There is no Edison Star.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there an Edison star? A. W. S.

A Violin Query.

Asks Irish Name's Origin.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read an interesting letter recently on the origin of several Irish names. Is it possible for any Irish expert to tell me what the Irish name "MacNamee" means? If "Mac" means "son of," then what does the remainder of the name "Namee" mean? Is my mother's maiden name, hence my curiosity.

ALDA B.

The Duel.

By Maurice Petten.



Gus, the Saloon-Man, Sheds Light on Some Dark Secrets, And Mr. Jarr Then Learns Startling Facts on Barkeeping

By Roy L. McCardell.



"I HATE to go away for a minute," said Gus. "By the way, I want to tell you that I have had them local options in New York, so I could leave the liquor business and go out on Long Island with a truck farm."

"Why, I'll be all right," coaxed Mr. Jarr. "Come on, Gus; we don't get many chances like this."

A friend in the automobile business had asked Mr. Jarr to bring an acquaintance and take a spin up in Westchester County to try out a new six-cylinder machine. Fur coats and caps had been provided, and a good time promised.

"I want to go and I'm willing to pay a fare," said Gus, "but when you have a liquor store you have to keep your eye on it, you got it worse than Oscar Hammerstein mit all his opy houses, you got to be a diplomat, you got to be a banker und cash checks that ain't

no good, you got to insult some people or they don't think you is a friend, you got to pull some people in and pull some people out. Such a business!"

"But Elmer is a good boy; he'll look after things," said Mr. Jarr.

"Elmer? Dumkopf, what he is!" cried Gus. "All he knows is to be a musician and play a triangle mit an orchestra; but he is my wife's brother and I got to put him to work!"

"He'll be all right; just tell him what you want done," said Mr. Jarr, soothingly.

"If I call him up first and knock him on the head with the night stick under the bar, and then tell him what I want done before he knows what I'm saying, maybe he would," said Gus. "But all right."

So he called over the gawky, overgrown, yellow-haired young German brother-in-law, and said:

"Elmer, hierkomm! As soon as I go out you take the cash register open and stuff a handkerchief in the bell so when it rings my wife won't come downstairs to get the money for a hat, like she always does when I go out."

"Would it not be better as I don't take no money from anybody while you are out?" asked Elmer with a vacant smile.

"There it comes now!" said Gus, turning to Mr. Jarr in despair. "You hear it?"

"No, you take all the money you can get and don't give change if you can help it," said Gus. "And, above all, be particular!"

"Sure," said Elmer. "I will."

"If Raftery comes in," said Gus, "you don't set no drink in front of him but the ten-year-old in the square bottle on the bottom shelf."

Elmer nodded his head.

"And don't give Slavinsky anything but the whiskey that's marked with the Yiddish letters in the tall bottle or else he'll break a winder and then charge me for fixing it; don't forget."

"Sure, this one!" said Elmer, indicating the bottle.

"Then," Gus went on, "if Schmidt, the delicatessen man, should want his schnapps, don't set anything in front of him but my private bottle in the cabinet, or else he is insulted."

Elmer said he'd be sure to remember Gus's private stock for Schmidt.

"And when Muller, the grocer, comes in for a nlp, he won't take case goods. He wants the real old Kentucky out of the demijohn what is under the bottom part of the icebox."

"This one?" said Elmer, opening the bottom of the icebox.

"Yes," said Gus, "and when Beppier, the butcher, comes in for his powder, you go up at the end of the bar behind the stuffed alligator and you get him the black square bottle of Sealskin Rye, because he'd sooner die than drink any other kind."

"Oh, I know that," said Elmer. "He hit me in the nose yesterday because I give him the bar goods."

"Well, the bar goods is what Johnson, the plasterer always takes," said Gus. "He thinks it has more action in it."

"Yes, I know," said Elmer. "I don't forget that."

"And when old Gen. Murphy comes in see you don't offer him anything but the Dublin Castle Rye, it's the only kind he can drink mit out getting a heartburn."

"This bottle?" asked Elmer, picking up one with a highly lithographed label on it.

"Sure, that's it," replied Gus, "and don't forget it for Gen. Murphy or I lose his trade."

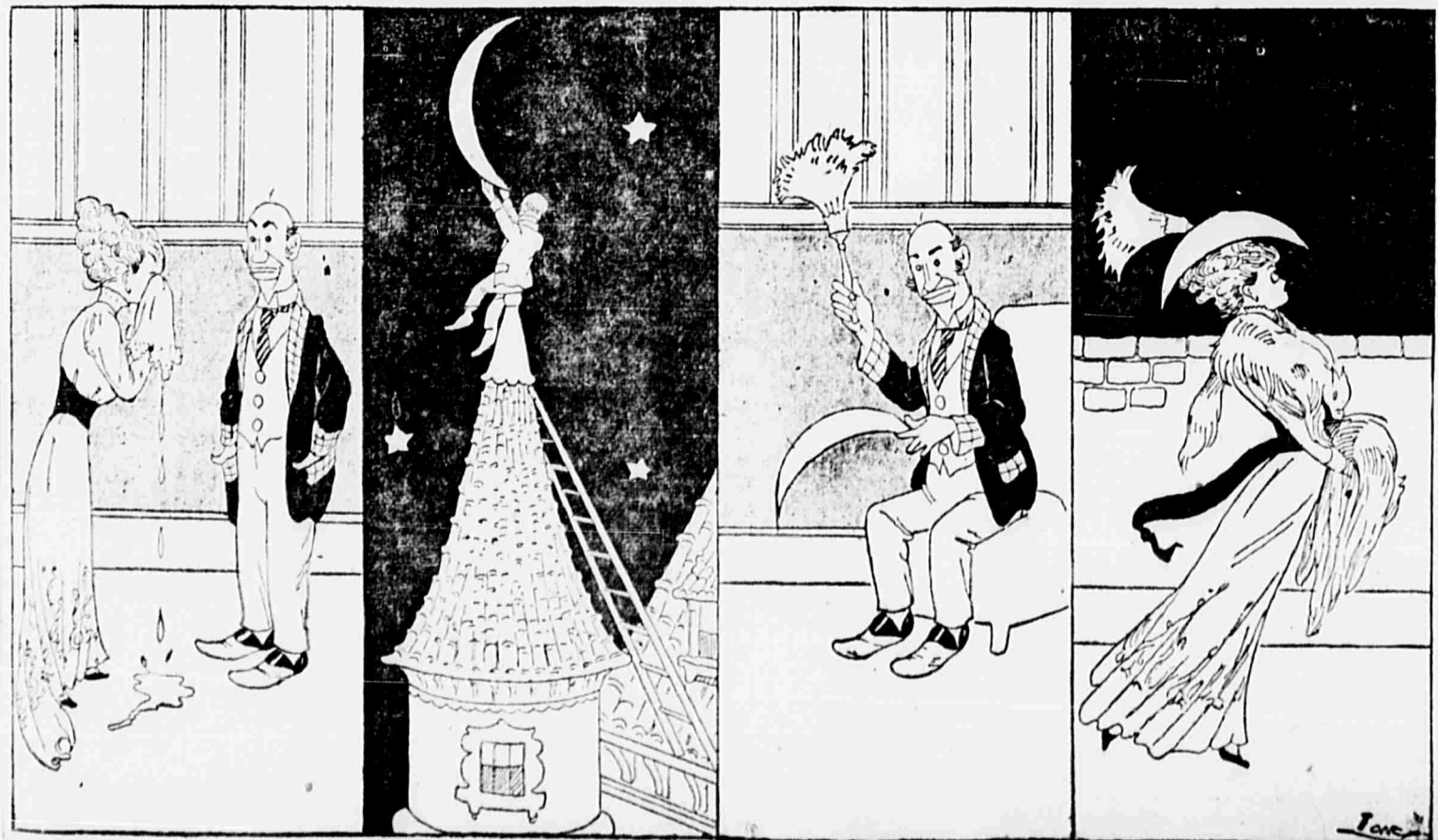
"I won't forget, boss," said Elmer, "but some of them bottles is empty and some is near empty."

"That's all right," said Gus, "fill 'em all up fresh from the keg under the bar."

Then he and Mr. Jarr went for their auto ride.

A Flight of Fancy

By F. G. Long



Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated By Helen Rowland.



MY daughter, thou hast questioned me concerning marriage, and I have made answer that it is a SURE cure for blindness. Yea, it is a strong lens through which two people discover each other's flaws, even as one who findeth the cracks in a painting through a magnifying glass.

Nay, accuse not a bachelor that he taketh matrimony lightly, for he hath thought SERIOUSLY thereof—and that is why he remaineth SINGLE. And when a man boasteth of a SUCCESSFUL courtship he meaneth not that he hath WON the woman, but that he hath GOTTEN away from her safely. For every man thinketh that when two shall marry "for better or for worse," this meaneth that it is better for the woman, but WORSE for the man.

Lo, think not that a man regardeth thee seriously because he cometh to thee highly; but when he reprotheth thee because thou wearest an open-work waist or holdeth thy dress too high thou mayest chuckle, for then he looketh upon thee as his "personal property." Yea, thou mayest pick out thy bridesmaids, for unkind criticism is as the thunder that warneth thee of the approach of the stormy days of wedlock.

A wise woman hath perfect faith in her husband's devotion. Yet she is too wise to test it by introducing him unto widows—even by employing a fascinating parlor maid. For no man sticketh unto a wife as he sticketh unto an opinion or unto his seat in a street-car.

Yea, thou hast asked me, my daughter, what is the happiest day of married life. And I shall answer easily—for it is the day before the wedding. Selah!

Nixola Greeley-Smith

Says Husband No. 2 Should Be Taken for Wear Rather Than for Ornament.

Fifth Article in "Progressive Matrimony" Series.

IN choosing a second husband care should be taken to select him for wear rather than ornament. Perhaps in the exceptional case of a woman whose first marriage was one of self-interest some extravagance of fancy, some arbitrary preference for a particular kind of eye or nose or mustache may be tolerated. But generally speaking the ideal for a second husband is a man who is a good fellow, a good fellow, a good fellow.

Moreover, while it may take the genius of Napoleon, the persistence of Wellington and the strategy of "Stonewall" Jackson to secure a first husband, to annex a second one need only be what the law requires one to be any way—a widow.

A second husband, by the way, should always be a widower. For even a widow's power short of making an old bachelor into an acceptable husband.

The romantic have quite as much of an objection to tinned emotions as the epicure has to tinned vegetables. But after one has spent an hour stringing fresh beans, for instance, and then finds at the end of all one's efforts that when they come to the table, there are still many strings in the mess, one is very apt to send for the factory product the next time. Now, making an old bachelor into a husband is not unlike this process of stringing beans—no matter with what patience and zeal one labors to eradicate his habits of selfishness there are always some fibres of

There was a woman once who explained her marriage to her fifth husband by saying that she was "bound to show the Lord she could get them as fast as he could take them." A very dangerous ambition, surely, for marriage for the mere sake of making a record.

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The Story of the Operas.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 19—DONIZETTI'S "LA FAVORITA."

FERDINAND was most promising of all the "novices" at the Monastery of Sanago. Baltazar, the wise old Abbot, was thunderstruck when the youth suddenly refused to take the vows which should make him a monk, and insisted on going back to the temptations and strife of the world that lay beyond the monastery walls.

Artful questioning drew from Ferdinand a confession that he had set eyes on a wondrously beautiful woman, whose identity he did not know, but who had driven from his heart all thoughts of becoming a priest.

He longed to seek for this woman—to woo and wed her. In vain did Baltazar warn the lad that the cloister's sanctity was the best shield from perils of the outer world. Ferdinand was firm in his resolve. Falling to dissuade him, Baltazar gave the novice his blessing and allowed him to depart. . . .

The woman whom Ferdinand had seen was Leonora, petted court beauty and favorite of King Alfonso. She, too, had beheld Ferdinand and had fallen in love with him at sight. When he left the monastery she caused him to be led blindfold to the garden of her villa.

The youth, wild with joy at seeing her once more, poured forth ardent love vows and implored her to marry him. Leonora's worldly heart was touched by his appeal, and, her father's influence prevailing, she bade him leave her forever. As a gift at parting she pressed into his hand a paper.

The King had come to see her. Leonora went at once to meet Alfonso, while Ferdinand, wondering at the monarch's visit, asked Inez to explain. The servant laughingly refused and ran out.

Opening the paper Leonora had given him, Ferdinand discovered that it was an officer's commission in the army. Here was a chance to win fame and to make himself worthy of the mysterious woman's love. Ferdinand set forth at once to the wars. . . .

The former novice proved to be an inspired soldier. Swiftly he rose in rank to the command of Alfonso's armies. Then, as general, he overthrew the King's enemies in battle, and at last turned back toward the court in triumph.

Gaspar, the wily Prime Minister, had meanwhile intercepted a love letter written by Leonora to Ferdinand. He brought the letter to the King, who confronted Leonora with it. She confessed her love for the young soldier and sought to make the King cease his own attentions toward her. While Alfonso was still agitated at her defiance the Abbot Baltazar was announced.

Baltazar came to warn the King that the Church's vengeance would be launched upon him unless he should at once abandon his dissolute mode of life and renounce Leonora. Alfonso, furious, yet fearful of excommunication, promised to give Ferdinand, coming to court next day from the scene of his victories, demanded Leonora's hand as reward for his services. The King, to avert the Church's wrath against himself, consented. Leonora wrote Ferdinand a letter confessing to him her past. Inez, to whom the letter was entrusted for delivery, was made prisoner by Gaspar, and could not, therefore, give the epistle to Ferdinand.

The King made the young soldier a nobleman and with all his court attended the wedding. Barely was the ceremony at an end, however, when the courtiers' demeanor aroused the young man's suspicions. He sought out the Abbot for an explanation. Baltazar told Ferdinand of the life Leonora had led. Furious, heart-broken, the bridegroom denounced the King for tricking him, cast aside his new wealth and honors and went back to the monastery. . . .

Leonora, dying from grief at loss of the man she loved, found her way to the monastery. There she told Ferdinand of the letter she had written and explained that she had not meant to deceive him.

Ferdinand, forgiving her, now that he knew the whole truth, declared he would throw aside the priestly vows he had just made and would return to the world as her husband.

But he was too late. Before he could carry out his resolve Leonora fell dead into the arms of the weeping, repentant bridegroom.

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